

# Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

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VIII.

APRIL, 1904

No. 4



"LOOK forward, not back!"

'Tis the chant of creation,  
The chime of the seasons  
As onward they roll,  
'Tis the pulse of the world,  
'Tis the hope of the ages,  
The voice of our God  
In the depth of the soul.

"Lend a hand!" like the sun  
That turns night into morn,  
The moon that drives  
Storm-driven sailors to land.  
Ah, life were worth living,  
With this for the watchword,  
Look up — out and forward,  
And each lend a hand!

—Selected.

510 \* Tremont \* Temple  
Boston

## "Topics for 1904"

JANUARY.  
Our Southern Islands.  
FEBRUARY.  
The Farthest North.  
MARCH.  
The Grisiest Problem.  
APRIL.  
Our Next Door Neighbors.  
MAY.  
From Across the Atlantic.  
JUNE.  
Anniversary Notes.  
JULY.  
Our Orientals.  
AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.  
OCTOBER.  
America's Aborigines.  
NOVEMBER.  
A Wily Fox.  
DECEMBER.  
How Much Owest Thou?

## HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor. Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. Howard B. Grose has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department of Young People. All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

Note the remarkably low terms: Subscription price per year, twenty-five cents; copies and upwards to one address yearly, twenty cents each.

Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to note the circulation of the paper.

HOME MISSION ECHOES will be sent to all subscribers until ordered to be discontinued; all arrears must be paid.

All monies and letters pertaining to subscriptions should be sent to Gertrude L. Davis, the Manager of HOME MISSION ECHOES, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

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510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

Telephone: 3055-3 Bala

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## Just be Glad

O H heart of mine, we shouldn't  
Worry so.  
What we've missed of calm we couldn't  
Have, you know!  
What we've met of stormy pain  
And of sorrow's driving rain  
We can better meet again  
If it blow.  
For we know not every morrow  
Can be sad;  
So, forgetting all the sorrow  
We have had,  
Let us fold away our fears,  
And put by our foolish tears,  
And through all the coming years,  
Just be glad. — James Whitcomb Riley

## Wanted

I AM in need of patchwork and Germantown yarns of various colors. Our mission school has made six rugs at \$5 apiece. The work is beautiful and sells easily. The only trouble is I can't get the Germantown colors. Bits of it would be acceptable. Mrs. G. W. H. Elk Creek Mission, Hobart, O. T.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Feb. 11, 1904. The State land board has sold 16,000 acres of land in the Big Horn country to a colony of Mormons which already numbers about 8,000 settlers.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 29, 1904. The House committee on Territories to-day authorized a favorable report on a bill granting the Territory of Alaska the right to send a delegate to Congress.

THERE is sad need for missionary work among Indian women when a Navajo mother desired both her daughters to marry their stepfather, and beat them badly when they refused.

"THERE are few things we need more to guard against than discouragement. When once we come under its influence, it makes us weak, robbing us of our hope and making cowards of us. Many a life is discredited and drawn down to failure through discouragement."

# Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever."—Tennyson.

Vol. VIII.

APRIL, 1904

No. 4

## The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society

THE readers of ECHOES will rejoice to hear that our Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, is steadily improving in health. For a number of weeks she has been in Atlanta, Ga., where she will remain some time longer. She will probably not resume work until the early fall.

THE twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society will be held in the West Somerville Baptist Church Wednesday and Thursday, May 4 and 5, 1904, beginning at 2 P. M., Wednesday, and closing Thursday afternoon.

Take the elevated to the Sullivan Square Terminal, and then any Davis Square car. Leave at Davis Square.

Among the speakers will be Doctor Morehouse, who will tell us of his recent trip to Cuba and Porto Rico, and Mrs. Annie McKean White, who is thoroughly conversant with Mormonism from an extended study of it at close range.

The workers' meeting will be held in the same church Wednesday morning, May 4th, at 10 A. M.

Simple meals will be served at the church at twenty-five cents a plate. Lodging and breakfast will be provided for all delegates from a distance. All who can comfortably reach home at night will be expected to do so. All delegates desiring such entertainment should apply before April 23d to Mrs. W. E. Plummer, 25 Gibbens Street, Somerville, Mass. As most of the delegates can reach home after the close of the meeting, entertainment will be provided for *one night only*, unless she states in her application that she desires entertainment for two nights.

Attention is called to the following proposed amendment to the constitution of the Society, which will be presented for action at the annual meeting by vote of the Board of Directors:

"That Article IV. of the By-Laws for the Society be amended by the addition of the following words:

"There shall be elected at the annual meeting one member of the Society to serve as the representative of the Society upon the Committee of Reference."

GRACE COLEMAN LATHROP, Clerk.

### Mexico

IF there was one part of our work which was especially dear to our late president, Mrs. Thomas Nickerson, it was Christian work in the City of Mexico.

She visited Mexico often, and the condition of the children appealed strongly to her great, motherly heart. She was very solicitous that a boarding-school should be established in Mexico City. We can recall her last visit there and the earnest and urgent way in which, upon her return, she portrayed to the Board the need of such a school.

When in 1896, some years after her death, three thousand dollars was received for this purpose, one thousand of which was contributed by Mrs. E. H. Mason, a daughter of Mrs. Nickerson, we trusted that ere long the wish of her mother would be fulfilled. But neither then nor now has the way been opened for the proposed building, but we believe it will be in time. We have already \$4,200 on interest for this purpose, and the promise of more when work on the building commences.

At our last annual meeting Mrs. M. E. Grisham, of Mexico City, was with us, and all who heard her were inspired with the need of more aggressive work in that city. She returned to Mexico with the promise of an assistant, and assured that the Society had not lost sight of the great need of a boarding-school.

The outlook was bright. The months have passed. Mrs. Grisham, by the illness of her husband, has been compelled to leave the city, and resides in San Antonio, Texas, but her interest is unabated. She has left the school in charge of Mrs. Sarah McKendree, who comes to us well recommended, and who is thoroughly interested in the work. We are hopeful for the future, notwithstanding the discouragements of the past.

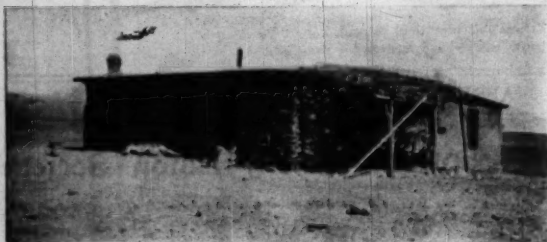
### The Whole Law

OFT taught before, let it be taught again,—  
Who best serves God, serves best his fellow men;  
And this faith, too, be everywhere confess'd,—  
Who best serves man, he serves his Maker best.

—Rev. Benjamin Copeland.

**Alcalde, N. M.**

The work at Alcalde has in Mr. Stover an able caretaker. He can do anything from using carpenter's tools, converting trees into wardrobes, commodes, and tables, to tying the matrimonial knot. He came to us from New England, and verily New England is the place from which to get capable workers who combine literary culture with manual dexterity.



TWO GRAY HILLS MISSION

Miss Weems, the lady teacher, came to us from Texas. But the long trip of four days' travel, the altitudes, the bare rooms and mud floors, the strange people and stranger work, caused a two days' illness. We brought her to Echo Mission and our warm fires and comfortable rooms sent her back all right. Then Mr. Stover succumbed to the inevitable chill of the rare air, and he chilled and burned alternately for three days. We had him in the Echo home and sent him back all right and full of courage. We sent our teacher over to Alcalde to help fix up the living rooms. One room 15 x 15, one window, one door, an earth floor, a springless bed and pine table was Miss Weems's outfit. She could not live on a mud floor. What did we do? Went to the Echo Mission feed carrol, found the burlap grain sacks, washed forty of them, ripped, turned, sewed together, fancy stitched each seam with colored twine. An old discarded rag carpet of mine was put on the mud floor, then the fancy, seamed stitched, grain-sack carpet was smoothly nailed down over it with eight-penny nails so it would not loosen easily in the crumbly earth floor. A cook stove was bought. She will do her own cooking and laundry work.

A short distance away Mr. Stover has a two-room cottage. He and Mr. Rishel floored it. He, too, does his own cooking, as there is no place to board. There are sixty pupils in the school and more to follow.

The eighteen seats look cheerful and hopeful, in anticipation of more. Two long tables, six little chairs, two benches and dry-goods boxes furnish the primary side of the schoolroom. There has been much sickness this last term. Could you step into the homes of degradation and ignorance, and sit by sick-beds of diphtheria and fever, and close the eyes in death, as Mr. Rishel and the two teachers have done in the past few weeks, you would realize that the people need uplifting and help, and such schoolrooms as Mr. Stover has, if even partially equipped, as surely as the suns and rains of nature aid in developing all life in nature.

We long to have the schoolrooms better equipped; more seats, crayons, pencils, and books are necessities, but as yet unseen only to the eye of faith.

E. H. RISHEL.

**From  
Two Gray Hills,  
N. M.**

Our interpreter has been very sick, was taken sick at his cousin's camp. Mr. Wright went up to camp for him, but the medicine-man was there and influenced him to stay. We were very sad about it.

To take his place we have a boy from Fort Lewis government school. We persuaded him to stay with us. He is a manly boy, and a fine interpreter. He, too, was taken sick, and has been very sick. We sent for the doctor, sixty miles away, but he was absent and could not come. We have doctored him ourselves; his fever has gone and he is on the road to recovery.

Perhaps it is God's way to teach these poor, superstitious Indians that the white man's medicine is good, and his recovery will be a victory for the work here. The case of such a sick boy has been a very great anxiety to us, but we have prayed each day for help and strength to do the right things.

We are pleased to receive the money for the industrial work, and shall get started as soon as possible. It will help the work so much. We do heartily thank all kind friends who are so interested and helpful in this work.

EDITH WRIGHT.

**Cuba**

Our missionaries in Cuba have been having a royal time enjoying Doctor Morehouse's visit with them, and his approval of the work done.

Miss Gowan writes: "At Christmas my class had a medal contest. Then came the dedication, at which Doctor Morehouse was present. Doctor Moseley, superintendent of missions in eastern Cuba, invited nearly all the missionaries to be present, and I, to help him, invited the two ladies from Puerto Principe to stay with me. You




HOME OF MAYOR OF SAN VICENTE, CUBA

don't know how hungry we are for a little fellowship in a mission field in a strange land. Feb. 6th ten of us went to Sanyo for the baptism; twenty-six were baptized and many more are ready. The following Monday we had a conference of over five hours. Doctor Morehouse was greatly pleased with the schools. I like the new workers very much. I went to El Caney with them, — the first time in all my years of service that I ever closed school for a session, and it did seem good to have the change."



# Picturesque New Mexico

By a Missionary Teacher

HE picturesque aspects of life in New Mexico strike one at first very strongly, and in many ways are interesting. It is a study to see the whole-souled way in which the Mexicans enter into their processions and ceremonials, though these are grotesque and primitive enough in their nature.

They make a great deal of their weddings and their funerals. Who would miss the *prendorio*, or betrothal ceremony, where the bride is formally taken into the family of her fiancé, and *vice versa*, and where all their friends come up and shower gifts upon the bride; or the gay wedding-procession, which marches to the music of violins, the firing of pistols, the exploding of torpedoes from the church to the home of the bride's parents, where there is eating and drinking and dancing for a day and a night, and sometimes for several nights! As little would any one wish to miss the all-night watch with the dead, where songs and prayers and wailing fill the front of the house, and cakes, coffee, and gossip are enjoyed in the rear; or the processions of next day when every one carries a candle, and at the end throws a clod into the grave before it is closed.

There is much that is quaint and attractive in their religious festivities. It is a pretty sight to see the burning of the myriad tiny bonfires built in honor of "Our Lady of Guadalupe," and those which are kindled at the Christmas season to light Mary and Joseph on their way to Bethlehem. Often a chorus of boys goes from house to house at this time singing a queer rhyme, which asks for shelter for Mary and Joseph, because there is no room in the inn.

Then their masques and plays, such as "Los Pastores," given Christmas Eve and representing the journey of the shepherds to adore the Holy Child; "Los Reyes," representing the coming of the wise men; "El Deposito," at Easter time, presenting the closing scenes of the life of our Lord; all these and others show something of their religious life. Many of the heathen rites, ceremonials, and dances of their Indian forefathers are so incorporated in their religious ceremonies that it is often impossible to tell where paganism begins and Christianity leaves off.

Most real and living of all their religious practices, most gruesome and intolerable to the senses, and speaking most pathetically the soul hunger, the genuine though perverted religious life of the people, are the practices of "Los Hermanos Penitentes" (The Penitent Brothers), who year after year mark the Lenten season by fasting, self-flagellation, often by the crucifixion of one of their number.

The revelation of the spiritual blindness, the moral paralysis that lies beneath, as we come to know it in time, is the story of any religious life built only on form, without the inward touch of self-consecration, of holiness. Yet, as

time passes and we enter more nearly into their life, we are unspeakably oppressed, saddened, often horror-stricken, by the glimpses we get of the awful depths into which these age-long institutions of ignorance and superstition have cast them. No wonder they seize upon the cross and the scourge in the shuddering rebound that must come from sight or memory of such deeds in natures where God's image is not totally obscured.

When I first went to New Mexico, I opposed, as vigorously as I could, their system of early marriage; it seemed so cruel. Reluctantly enough, as I came to know conditions better, I decided I had better not do so, because, until their social life be regenerated, their system of early marriage is, upon the whole, the wisest and best policy. Yet it is hard when our little girls of not more than twelve or thirteen years are taken from school to enter upon the life whose burdens they do not yet seem strong enough to bear. It is hard to know the tragedy their future may be. I shall not soon forget one mother who was making the wedding-dress of her fourteen-year-old daughter. I said to her, "I hope Pabla will be happy." She sighed as she answered: "God knows. The cross is heavy and not all can carry it." Yet she was preparing for the wedding apparently with great joy and animation.

The great Church to which they acknowledge allegiance has done little for them except to confirm their superstitious fears and their fanaticism, and to extort from them the utmost farthing to contribute to its support.

Last year I remember a poor woman near us was heart-broken because her child had died without the rite of baptism, and, as is customary in such cases, it was buried under the eaves of the church, that the water that dripped down might render its fate more tolerable. We begged the mother to believe that all was well with the child, and to forget that cruel invention of priestcraft that was breaking her heart, but she refused consolation. Our poor people, how our hearts ache for them as we remember all they have suffered in these years of bondage.

While the appeal of such a work as this must speak to every one who believes in the brotherhood of humanity, I believe it speaks, and all missionary work must speak, with an especial appeal to the hearts of Christian women. Why? Because among our people, as in every missionary field, the burden of sin and suffering falls most cruelly upon the women and little children. We women of Christendom owe all that makes life most precious to us, all the dignity and honor and safety of our station, to the religion of Jesus Christ, to the standards of Christian civilization. And our indebtedness to the Christian faith is correspondingly great. How gladly and earnestly and lovingly we should seek to do all our part in giving to these needy ones the light and life in which we rejoice to-day!

— From The Home Missionary.

## A Trip to Paw-dle-ty's Camp

**D**OWN the Washita river thirty miles, lives a Kiowa by the name of Paw-dle-ty's. Thirty years ago he was one of the great medicine men. He had four wives, saw Jesus in visions and dreams. Set the time of Jesus' coming, told the people that when Jesus came he would kill all the white people, bring back the buffalo, and give the country to the Indian. Telling me this he said, "Me heap lie, me heap crazy, no savy the good road." In 1895 he gave his heart to Jesus, and was the forty-seventh member baptized into the Rainy Mountain church. At that time he cut off all the old roads and went to work for Jesus. His wife, daughter, and sister have since taken the good road. Not long ago, when much in need of temporal necessities, his wife said, "Paw-dle-ty's I do not care for the things of this world. We have Jesus in our hearts, and we must pray much to him that he make us happy every hour, and at last give us a home in heaven. We have him, and we are rich." Her husband said, "There are many of our people all around us, and they are not living right. Let us do something for Jesus. Let us build a house for him on our land, and they will come and be saved."

The missionaries knew not of this movement until he spoke in his own home church asking for help. He has now over \$200 pledged, and has not seen all the Christians. For months he has held meetings in his house, preaching to the people. He has almost talked the ghost dance out of the community. Some have said hard things against him, but he heeds them not. To his pastor he said, "Come down and help me. I do not know much, you must do all you can for me."

One bright morning in December three hacks, containing the missionary and his wife, Sante-o and wife, Witon and wife, were on the way. The first night we camped at Sante-o's brother, Toppah's. These men are Toyebow's brothers. Toppah and wife are not Christians.

A number of Indians are camped here. At night we preach the Word. Toppah makes a talk, but does not give himself to Jesus. He said, "It is a good road to do as you are doing, going from home to home. It makes the Indians ready to come into the Jesus road when you have the big meetings." That night, at twelve, we were awakened by the grandmother calling the people to get up and drive up the cattle and horses, for the prairie was on fire. Such a fire! It rolled southwest in billows, six

feet high. The Indians on horses, driving frightened cattle with a fire for a background. I shall never forget the picture.

Next morning called on one of our Christian young men who has been going crooked (a mescal chief). He was ashamed to look the minister in the face. Sin affects all tribes alike. That night we reached our destination, and received a joyous welcome. Preached in the evening. Next day went to Anadarko, six miles farther, to meet the agent and talk about the church building. Obtained medicine for our work. Preached that night, and started for home in the morning. At night we camped at Brother Big Bows, a member of the M. E. church, an earnest Christian, and relative of Witon's wife. Preached that night.

Brother Big Bow told of the treatment he had received from the ghost dance people since he left them, telling him if he goes on in the Jesus road his children will die. They believe they see God the Father, and Jesus the Son,

their dead friends. These things enable the missionary to meet them with the truth. The next morning we called on another member and his family who are not very strong. He thought we had come to give him a tongue-whipping. But we told him we had come to pray for him, and

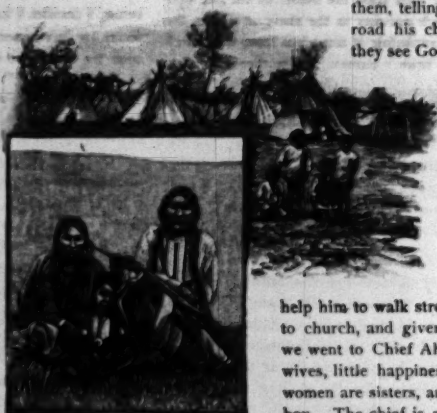
help him to walk strong. Since our call he has been to church, and given money to Jesus. From here we went to Chief Ah-pe-a-tone's home. He has two wives, little happiness is shown in their faces. The women are sisters, and one is the mother of a witless boy. The chief is a mescal eater, and never goes to church. Everywhere sin brings its own reward.

That afternoon we drove fifteen miles home.

In January we made another trip; Miss Ballew went with us and we were there over Sunday, and met many more of the people. Held seven services. One man said he would soon be baptized. In a few weeks we hope to go again. This time we will stay longer, helping the people with their church building. They need more Bible instruction and wish some worker to stay with them. It takes time and work to train a people from heathenism to aggressive Christianity. We try to do as Jesus did, "go about doing good." Pray for the work.

HOWARD AND MARY CLOUSE.

"THE Alaskan building at the World's Fair will be a Hydah Indian house with totem poles at each corner. The tribe of Hydah Indians now numbers 788. They are a large, well-formed, and handsome race, with light complexion, and have long been noted for their bravery and ferocity in war. Their houses are probably the most attractive among the Alaskan tribes, and for this reason one was chosen to represent Alaska at the St. Louis Exposition."



ABORIGINES

<sup>1</sup> From Fry's Primary Geography.

### The Gospel for the Italians



HE Connecticut Railway and Lighting Company are constructing an immense dam across the Housatonic River in the town of Kent, Connecticut, planning to transform the water-power thus obtained into electricity and to carry it along their electric lines forty to fifty miles to Bridgeport and Stamford. This is another index-finger pointing to the changes which are going on in our communities. The reach of the enterprise is across the seas, for some eight hundred Italians are accomplishing in a few months what could hardly be brought to pass if "native" help were the only possibility.

But what shall a little, quiet New England village do with a gang of a thousand "Dagos" dropped into their midst, almost doubling their population in a day?

It is to their honor and the proof of the tenacity of the Puritan conscience that a minister, the Rev. Herbert K. Job, and an earnest, efficient worker, Miss Mary A. Hopson, bravely attacked the problem and also accomplished good result.

Fortunately the Rev. Canio Cerreta, pastor of the Italian Congregational church in Bridgeport, was near enough to make a weekly visit, and later Mr. Vincenzo Esperti, the colporter of the Connecticut Bible Society, gave his entire time to work among them. The exceedingly suggestive picture shows Mr. Esperti preaching from the steps of one of the shanties, and the earnest, attentive faces of the listeners. At the different camps there is no opportunity to furnish seats for the worshippers, and yet, after their hard day's work, they are willing to stand so as to join in the singing and listen to the preaching. Notice one fellow who has brought a soap box for a seat, but is too anxious to see and hear!

Saturday evening classes are held at the church, where the English Testament or the text-book, and some of the men will walk three or four miles to secure this help. The Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed and Christian hymns are taught in the English and Italian languages. Copies of the Testament or of the Gospels are distributed and often purchased. Some of the men brought with them Testaments in parallel columns.

Two men after one of the evening meetings stopped Mr. Esperti on the road and said, "We want to follow Jesus."

This missionary endeavor is of value, not only for what

is directly accomplished, but because these men will soon scatter to different parts of the State. Indeed, some of them have gone to Kent from places where Italian work is carried on. It is part of the seed-sowing so needful among this large class of our population.

The number of Italians in the country from figures of the census of 1900 is given as 484,027. During the year ending June 30, 1902, 178,375 Italians landed, and during the next year 230,622, while for the twelve months ending with September last, the number was 233,048—153,000 came in six months. It is the most marvelous race movement since the Goths and Vandals overran the Roman Empire. There is a larger immigration from southern Italy than the natural increase of the people. And it is an immigration largely of men, many of whom will find their wives on this side of the sea. Our present



GOSPEL SERVICE FOR ITALIANS

Italian population is easily a million and rapidly increasing.

In Connecticut a good beginning has been made in missionary work for the Italians.

There is a hopeful mission at Windsor Locks, at Hartford, New Haven, and Bridgeport.

Large numbers of immigrants are grouped around Boston and New York. Southern New England is the centre of our immense alien population, and so long as the average amount the immigrant brings with him is \$16, and the Southern Italian only \$10, the bulk of the Italian immigrants will remain on the Atlantic coast, but the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to the Italian, the Hun, and the Slav, as well as the Puritan and the Pilgrim. These world movements are a part of the divine plan.—  
*The Home Missionary.*



## American Baptist Home Mission Society

### The Truth about Mormonism

**T**HE American people now know the truth about Mormonism as a polygamous, law-defying, and law-breaking institution. From the lips of its chief apostle, President Joseph F. Smith, who claims inspiration and divine authority, the revelation long desired has come. His word cannot be questioned by Mormons, and certainly will not be by any one else. No such severe blow has ever been dealt Mormonism by its opponents as has been delivered by its head. Beside defending and reaffirming the doctrine of polygamy, he has with amazing effrontery and a mock show of self-sacrifice declared himself to be a wilful, persistent and defiant law-breaker, in continuing his polygamous relations after Utah entered into statehood, with its constitutional prohibition of polygamy. His testimony is a curious mixture of revelation, delusion, conceit, and moral obtuseness. It shows clearly that the Mormon hierarchy has little regard for its pledges, for ordinary rules of honor, or for human law. And it proves that a Mormon is not a free moral agent. No more is he free politically. Reed Smoot had to obtain consent of President Smith and the other apostles before he could accept an election to the United States Senate. The Mormon Church rules in Utah both in politics and religion.

These authoritative disclosures are of the utmost importance. They have been made through the Senate inquiry into the fitness of Senator-elect Reed Smoot of Utah, an apostle of the Mormon Church, to retain his seat in the highest legislative body of the United States. Whatever the immediate outcome so far as Smoot's seat is concerned, the ultimate effects will be far-reaching. The Mormon chief apostle has driven a nail in Mormonism's coffin. Such an institution, which defies law and violates the sanctity of the monogamous home which is the unit of our national life, will not be allowed to extend its corruptive and law-defying influence.

Already there is proposed, as one solution of a difficult problem, an amendment to the constitution of the United States providing a national marriage law. This ought to carry with it a national divorce law as well, and then two scandalous and well-nigh intolerable conditions would be reformed. Now is the time for action, while the true character of Mormonism is vividly realized.

It should not be forgotten that this exposure is the result of petition, and that the remarkable petition which moved the Senate to full inquiry was chiefly due to the Christian

women of America. Nor should the important part played by the home missionaries of the evangelical denominations in Utah be overlooked. They have furnished evidence and published facts that have stirred the people to petition. The sentiment of good people has not lost its power. All it needs is right direction and proper focussing.

### Editorial Notes

**S**ECRETARY Morehouse reached New York on the 9th of March, after a missionary inspection tour of deepest interest. The outstanding impression left by the visit to Cuba and Porto Rico is the eagerness of the people to hear the gospel. Surely our churches in this favored land will not fail to furnish the extra means required to evangelize an expectant people, hungry for the truths of salvation. This is the day of large opportunity for our denomination in these islands.

THE Home Mission Society has just issued two new publications of interest. The leaflet on Cuba, entitled the "Stirring of Songo," may be had by applying to Dr. F. T. Hazlewood, Tremont Temple. The beautiful booklet, "A Council with the Crows," which marks a departure in missionary literature, and will delight the children as well as their parents, can be obtained from the Society at 111 Fifth Avenue, New York, or from Doctor Hazlewood, District Secretary for New England, by enclosing six cents in stamps. There is matter for an effective missionary meeting in each of these publications.

A MISSIONARY who knows the people and country well says that the Mexican converts become enthusiastic Christians, and as the Bible becomes their one book, they make rapid development in the new life. Their staunchness is illustrated by the story of Blas Chavez, told on another page.

THE ultra utterances of Governor Vardaman of Mississippi against education for the Negroes undoubtedly represent the sentiments of a large minority of the Southern people, who have drawn general conclusions from constitutional cases, or have drawn upon their imagination instead of the facts in the case. The truth is, as statistics conclusively show, that a remarkably small per cent. of the best educated students from our schools go wrong. It can also be said that a large Christian element among the Southern whites is vigorously opposed to the policy advocated by such extremists, and is in hearty sympathy with our work.



## Faithful to Conviction

By Rev. Geo. H. Brewer

"CAST thy bread upon the waters, and ye shall find it after many days." This promise has lately been verified in New Mexico in the case of Blas Chavez, a Mexican missionary: first a Baptist convert, zealous and earnest; afterward, for a short period, under appointment



PUBLIC BUILDING IN AGUAS CALIENTES, MEXICO

by the Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church; now, once more, enrolled among the Baptists. Circumstances, not fickleness of purpose, have led to these changes.

It was in 1856 that the American Baptist Home Mission Society sent its first missionary, Rev. Samuel Gorman, to New Mexico. Blas Chavez, then in the full vigor of young manhood, was among the earliest to receive with gladness the gospel message. Unreservedly he gave himself to work among his own people in his home, Sorocco, a field cultivated for quite a period by the Society in its pioneer work in that Territory.

When the war of 1861 broke out he, together with many other young men of our Mexican churches, enlisted in the Union Army, serving faithfully to the end of the Rebellion. Then he returned to New Mexico. The war had wrought great havoc among the churches there; missionaries had been scattered, and many flocks were shepherdless. Brother Chavez, however, held steadfastly to Christian principles, maintained family worship in his home, and, unaided by church or society, during long years sought by all means in his power to teach the people the way of salvation. But the pastorless churches slowly disintegrated, until, finally, almost nothing remained of the Baptist work among the Mexicans. Even so, it was not until three years ago that he changed his church affiliation. Then, thinking the Baptists had altogether abandoned the field, he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, becoming one of their foremost missionaries. But

his heart was still with the Baptists, and when he learned, as he did recently, that they were reestablishing their work, he made haste to reunite with them; and on Wednesday evening, Dec. 30, 1903, was received into the fellowship of the First Baptist Church of Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Brother Chavez is now an old man, the pillar of a prominent Mexican family in the Rio Grande Valley, widely known, loved, and respected for his Christian character. This voluntary return to our denomination has made a profound impression on his people, and will have a great influence in opening doors to our laborers. More, he himself, still vigorous, desires to engage in the work of the Baptist ministry. He will be indeed a valuable addition to our missionary forces in the Territory.

## Rejoicing in Puebla

THE little Baptist church in Puebla, Mexico, the place known as the "City of the Angels," finds great reason for joy in the completion and dedication of its new house of worship. Now the people have a church home, and the desire of many months is realized. While our general missionary, Rev. Wm. H. Sloan, was superintending the building operations, he made an exchange of service with the Puebla pastor, Rev. Fernando Uriegas, who found himself in the midst of a strenuous life. He preached at least five times a week in Mexico City, besides rendering pastoral service. The exchange was productive of blessing all around; and the native pastor returned home to find the house ready for dedication, and his church in a position to command the respect and attention of the community as it had not been before.

While the house is plain in its exterior, it is of brick and most substantially built, the Mexicans following the Euro-



STREET IN PUEBLA, MEXICO

peans in the matter of making their buildings practically fireproof. The interior is inviting, the audience-room will

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### Empire Building in New Mexico

THE people of the United States are only awakening to the fact that there are remarkable resources and possibilities in Mexico and New Mexico. The field for mission work is inviting, appealing, and open. Rev. J. H. Heald, of San Rafael, contributes to the *Home Missionary* a most interesting article under the heading given above. We quote these extracts:

New Mexico is a vast and wonderful land. Its great, gaunt outlines of ragged mountain chains, dry river beds and desert valleys suggest that here we have the skeleton of an extinct empire. The Pueblo Indians were the most intelligent, industrious, and civilized inhabitants of what is now the United States previous to the coming of the white race.

Here, also, the Spaniard tried his hand at founding an empire. Before the days of Plymouth Rock, New Mexico was a Spanish colony. But it proved a bad country for the usual Spanish method of swapping a little blood for a great deal of treasure. A Pueblo uprising in 1860 wiped out in a single day over 400 Spaniards, including more than twenty priests. But the Spaniard at least succeeded, before he spilled his blood, in mixing it with that of the natives, and as a result we have to-day in New Mexico more than a hundred thousand of the mixed Spanish and Indian race, whom we call Mexicans. They were vigorous men, those old Spanish empire builders, and they left their mark not only upon the people, but also upon the institutions of the country. They left a religion which was a

blend of pagan superstition and Catholic cult. They created a system of law and government, which, if not just, was strong, and efficacious for securing the prosperity of the few at the expense of the many. Under this system society was actually divided into two classes, the masters and the peons. The latter, embracing about three-fourths of the entire population, were nominally free, but practically slaves. They received a small wage, never sufficient to live on, and were kept in debt to their masters and thus doomed to perpetual servitude. The machinery of the law was in the hands of the ruling class, and there was no redress for the poor peon. He seldom resisted, and when he did was crushed. With the cession of New Mexico to the United States in 1848, began a new era in empire building, whereby this great territory shall be constructed into a sovereign State of the Great Republic. We at once gave New Mexico liberty. A still better gift would have been good government and education to fit the people to make good use of liberty.

In the State that is to be, the Mexican must play an important part for weal or for woe. Shall he be an element of danger, the prey of unscrupulous politicians and fanatical religious leaders, or a reliable citizen and an intelligent Christian? This is the question that is now being decided. Varied forces are helping to solve that

question. The Christian churches of our land have given New Mexico over 60 mission schools with 140 teachers, and eight or ten ordained missionaries, with five or six times that number of native preachers. But for every teacher and preacher sent to New Mexico, the American people have also furnished a score of gamblers, saloon-keepers, and bad men. We have given New Mexico not only our best, but also our worst. With chagrin one learns that the word American often represents to the Mexican people not pure and upright character, but the reverse. An American friend of mine said to a Mexican neighbor, "Why do you give a sort of start whenever I speak to you?" The Mexican replied, "The first Americans that came here were very bad, dangerous men, and I can't get over feeling startled at the sound of an American voice, although I have perfect confidence in you." I am glad to be able to put beside this indictment the testimony of scores of Mexicans concerning a missionary of our beloved Home Missionary Society, who poured out his life in brief but lavish service for this people. "He was a good man." "He was a good neighbor." "He never once deceived us." That man's preaching may not have made many converts, but his life left an impression that will never be

obliterated. I am glad also to be able to bear testimony to a few American business men whose life and business methods have been a noble example, and who, without knowing it, are the best of missionaries to the Mexican people.

Spite of all drawbacks, there is improvement. The Mexican people are a rising people. To estimate rightly their progress, it is necessary to consider whence they have come. Fifty-five years ago the vast majority were practically slaves. I never realized this so fully until a few months ago, when I was visiting

in the home of a Mexican friend, I spoke somewhat disparagingly of present conditions, when my friend said, "I am an old man. I remember the days of the Spanish law. Most of the people were peons. They received \$1.50 or \$2 per month, — and this in produce at the master's price. The poor peon had no rights. It was 'Juan' here and 'Pablo' there, and the peon could only answer abjectly, 'Si, señor' to the master's every command.

In my friend I behold the first fruits of the harvest. This man, when a lad, was for a time a chore boy to a missionary, from whom he received the gift of a Bible. The troublous days of the Civil War came on and the missionary was obliged to leave the country, never to return. Even so, the Bible stayed. The lad learned to read it and to love it. It led him out of the darkness of superstition, lifted him above his vicious surroundings, and made him the noble, intelligent Christian man he is to-day. His life bridges the chasm between the old order and the new. Upon the site of ancient empire, we build the new State. It is well, then, that in preparation for this event a few forgotten missionaries have been delving in the debris of dead religions and ruined civilizations, to lay firm and sure that foundation other than which can no man lay for the Christian State.



STREET IN MONTERREY, MEXICO

## THE CROW MISSION

OUR missionary to the Crows, Rev. W. A. Petzoldt, sends the following account of their burial customs and the introduction of Christian burial among them. White Arm was the first Crow Indian to permit and adopt the Christian customs. He is a character worth knowing.

You may be interested to know something about the burial customs of the Crows. There have been several deaths in the near-by camps lately, and some pathetic things have come to our notice. With the intuition of nature the Indian seems to know and feel the approach of death. Accordingly, when the word goes forth that a certain sick Indian is going to die, it is the signal for the gathering of friends and relatives and also for the beginning of the death-chant, that piercing, weird wail of the

Indian's sorrow. The grave-clothes are put on before the person dies, the burial taking place immediately after death.

The way of expressing grief is certainly barbarous. In the case of a relative a finger joint is severed or the finger tip cut off; and the long locks of hair, always the pride of the Indian, are cut short. Sometimes the young man will blow his finger end off with a six-shooter. The friends lacerate the fingers, and some

of the older women stick their heads with a large knife-point until blood flows profusely down over the face. The idea of sacrifice is somehow connected with this self-torture, but its exact significance I have as yet been unable to determine. Where a rough box is used, the person while yet alive is measured for it. All haste possible is made to get to the place of burial, usually a high hilltop or a covering of rock. Stones are piled over the remains as a covering. In a few instances shallow holes have been dug. Until two years ago trees were largely used as places to deposit the dead. Seven bodies in trees are within a mile of the mission allotment. The personal belongings of the deceased, such as ax, gun, blankets (if a woman, then cooking utensils, and beaded finery, to be used in the "happy hunting-grounds," are buried with them. All other effects are burned, except an article or two which is cast into the stream to be carried away forever.

Several nights ago, from the window here at White

Arm's, we saw two fires burning brightly on the pine hills bordering the Little Big Horn, one on the very summit and the other lower down. The fire on the hilltop was beside the stone grave of "Knows the Good Medicine," the bride



of a year who had died the day before. Seated near-by on the cold ground was "Bull Weasel," her husband. He had been wailing by the side of the body from sunrise in the morning until after ten at night, without food or water, and the thermometer at 10° below zero. How heavy the burden of sorrow to one who stays thus hopelessly with the dead! The fire lower down was by the grave of "Knows the Good Medicine's" mother, who preceded her into the other world by several months. Here the friends and relatives were mourning while "Bull Weasel" was keeping lonely vigil on the summit above. This morning I went to a camp where a young Indian by the name of "Little Bear" had just died. Shall I describe what I saw when I went into the tent? The body was tied up very roughly in a dirty tarpaulin. The mourners were prostrated in a small circle, wailing loudly. On the ground in the centre of the group was an ax all besmeared with blood where it had been used to mutilate the fingers. Add to this an intolerable stench, and you have the picture in part.

White Arm's mother had a Christian burial. When "Striking Woman" died I told him that the burial customs of the Crows were all new to us, and that while we wished in no way to intrude upon any of their time-honored ceremonies we would gladly do as we would do among our own people if he wished. His reply through an interpreter was something like this:

"I realize the old days are gone. They will never come back. The Crows should do now as the white people do. Bury my mother just as you would your own. Whatever you say we will do."

So a nicely lined and trimmed casket was made and a Christian service held. We laid her tenderly away on the mission allotment. I have suggested to White Arm that some time later we would build a neat little fence to enclose the grave and that I would pick out a good stone from the hills and chisel a suitable headstone. This seemed to please him very much. But even over White Arm the old-time customs have a peculiar power, for at the time of his mother's death he and his wife cut off their hair and slit their fingers. Otherwise they abandoned the old ways of mourning.



## An Opening Field

OUR missionaries in Mexico are constantly on the lookout for new openings, and do not spare themselves in efforts to extend the work of evangelization. From Monterey as a centre, Rev. Alejandro Treviño works out in many directions. He has recently made a trip to Marin, about forty miles northeasterly from Monterey, meeting with such encouragement that he believes the time is ripe for the establishment of a definite work. Some ten years ago, when the work began in this town, he says it was very difficult to speak of the gospel with any person. All the doors were closed, and the missionary had to throw out the tracts in the streets that some one might possibly be attracted, and read them. The conditions are different now. The people are anxious to receive the gospel. Most every door is open, and the best families gladly attend the Baptist services. The change in sentiment is so marked that there is every reason to hope for the dominance of Protestantism, if only the right measures can be taken by the Home Mission Society to occupy such inviting fields as Marin. This would be the centre of a field that would embrace a number of towns such as Doctor Gonzales, five miles east, Higuera, eight miles north, and General Zuazua, ten miles south; the combined population reaching over 15,000.

"Very few fields in the state (Nuevo Leon), and perhaps in the Republic, offer better prospects than this one." That was the report from Mr. Treviño after his visit, which was made in company with eleven members of the church at Monterey, of which he is the pastor, and two members of the church at Santa Rosa — forming a gospel band. They took with them a little mission organ, and had a most successful and profitable tour.

From another correspondent we learn that the house where the services were held would not hold half the people who came out to hear the gospel. What was most significant, they were the better class of the people of the town. Any one who has been in a Catholic country knows how much that means. Some of these people, furthermore, assisted in inviting people to the services, and did all in their power to help the visitors in accomplishing their purpose, to reach the people with the truth.

These missionary journeys of the Home Mission pastors remind us of the missionary journeys of the great Apostle, as he carried the glad news of salvation to the needy people, sowing the seed from which sprang a Christianized Europe. By and by, there shall come the harvest, and it will mean a Christian Mexico — a land with a great future and a more important part to play in the developing life of this continent than many are able, as yet, to appreciate.

## Southwestern Oklahoma

By Rev. C. W. Brewer

A RECENT visit to Southwestern Oklahoma very much impressed me with the importance of that section as a mission field. No place in the West has greater needs or better prospects for immediate results than

Comanche County. The county is eighty by sixty miles at the greatest distances, and was opened to settlement in August, 1901. It is well supplied with railroads, and is destined to become one of the best agricultural sections of Oklahoma. With the exception of some government reserves the county is thickly populated. A little south of the centre is a vast pasture reserve of 480,000 acres of land which is soon to be opened to settlement. This means a home for three thousand families.

At this time there are many sections where we need to begin active mission work and establish churches and mission stations. There are seven railroad towns without regular religious services. There are at least fifty places where we ought to take up the work at once. Now is the time for laying the foundations for the greatest possible missionary operations. We have under appointment one district missionary, and two missionary pastors. We must put more missionaries in the field or lose one of the best opportunities the Baptist denomination ever had for future usefulness. There are several faithful ministers laboring in this field who are hampered and greatly hindered in their work for want of sufficient support. Under present conditions we need to increase many times the forces already in the field, and what will it be when the reserves are opened to settlement? There are thirty Baptist church organizations in the county, and only two houses of worship. Backed by a few small churches and a few faithful helpers, our district missionary, Rev. D. P. Sanders, of Frederick, is planning an aggressive campaign for the spring and summer. Many places are calling for help to hold revival meetings, but have no suitable place to hold such meetings, as the schoolhouses used on the Sabbath cannot be had for protracted meetings. The great need just now is at least two gospel tents. We could use five such tents, but if we had two a great work could be done.

Will not some of God's people whose means are consecrated to His service, furnish a suitable tent for use in this promising field? "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

Norman, Okla.

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seat 250, and the equipment meets the requirements. For the sum expended by the Home Mission Society's Church Edifice Department in this instance — \$3,825 American money — Missionary Sloan has certainly achieved a remarkable result. Aside from the low cost, he pushed the work through in seven weeks. Those who think everything must be slow in Mexico will have to revise their opinions. What American contractor would undertake to do a similar work in that time — and do it?

Pastor Uriegas says that at the dedication, when it was impossible to accommodate those who wished to attend the service, a large number of the Catholic people of the better class had the gospel preached to them for the first time. For aid in the furnishing of the new building, the church is indebted to a generous woman of New England, Mrs. A. M. Pickford, of Lynn, whose name is spoken with gratitude in many places on more than one continent. A sentence from a letter written by Pastor Uriegas is characteristic of his spirit, and is worthy of quoting again and again. Speaking of the gift referred to, he says, after expressing his gratitude: "It will not be sufficient for the furniture we need, but we will be satisfied with what we have, until the Lord gives us the things needed." Then, in the true spirit of trust, he stirred up his willing people to do all in their power to answer their prayers, and supply their wants. The work in Puebla is prospering, and there is some prospect that the important centre may come to deserve, in a measure, its angelic designation.





# OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY  
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.

## The Return of the Birds

I HEAR, from many a little throat,  
A warble, interrupted long;  
I hear the robin's flute-like note,  
The bluebird's slender song.  
Brown meadows, and the russet hill,  
Nor yet the haunt of grazing herds,  
And thickets by the glimmering rill,  
Are all alive with birds."

"The sweetest sound the whole year round  
'Tis the first robin of the spring."

## The Cactus and Century-plant

MEXICO, occupying the larger portion of the tropical region of North America, with its nearly eight thousand square miles of territory, ranging from hot lowlands to snow-clad heights, with its intermediate vast stretches of fertile soil, presents every variety of climate and vegetation.

It is said that as fine corn and cotton are produced as in Egypt, as fine grapes as in France, while all the fruits and products of the temperate and torrid zones are raised in their greatest perfection.

Mexico has been called the "Land of the Cactus," because of the endless and beautiful varieties found there. Immense quantities are shipped to the United States and Europe. Rev. Mr. Powell, a missionary in Mexico, says he saw in Germany some rare varieties selling for fifty dollars per plant. The "prickly pear" cactus in Mexico reaches the height of ten or twelve feet.

It is this species which, in great hedges, surrounded the San Gabriel Mission in California. As we looked on the existing remains, we remembered how they were once the means of protection from the incursions of wild beasts and wilder men.

Walking through the cactus section of a Los Angeles park in the spring of 1902, we picked from the ground one of the pears. Thrown carelessly into a trunk, and kept for five months upon the parlor table as a souvenir, it was—brown and withered and apparently about to decay—placed

at a venture in a glass of water. What was our surprise to see it grow green and plump, sending out healthy roots, so that there are now glossy shoots a foot high, about to flower abundantly. In Mexico the thorns of this species are singed off and the leaves are the principal food of the oxen throughout the country, as well as of the sheep and goats when the shepherd has cut them from the stalk. The Mexicans make a palatable dish of the fried leaves. The poorer classes often make the fruit, called *tuna*, their sole article of food. It is also manufactured into several varieties of delicious *dulces* or sweets. Its medicinal qualities are recognized, and, in the scarcity of timber, the hedges are effective, for no animals will pass through them.

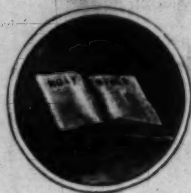
As ornamental plants the cacti, with the exquisite beauty of the flowers, of every hue and color, have few superiors.

The century-plant is native of tropical America and in that warm climate sometimes reaches maturity in less than ten years. The plant seldom loses any of its stiff, erect, fleshy leaves. At blossoming time a stalk rises into the air for twenty or thirty feet, bearing a pyramid of greenish yellow blossoms, sometimes four thousand in number. In Mexico the century-plant grows in any altitude, from the seacoast to the mountain slopes nine and ten thousand feet above sea level. Says a traveller, "Leaving the City of Mexico, itself seven thousand feet above the sea, and ascending Toluca Mountain two thousand feet higher, one looks down upon valleys and mountainsides where the century-plant lifts its young leaves into the clear air, or its blossoms of mature age into the genial sunshine." Like the cactus the century-plant is very useful. Out of it the people make thread, cloth, bagging, rope, paper, brooms, brushes, and combs. The kind of liquor called *pulque*, of which in the City of Mexico alone as many as three hundred thousand pints are drunk every day, is made in this way.

The blossom being cut out, a basin is made into which flows the sap. Two quarts can be gathered each day for two or three months. The sap thus obtained is fermented and the pulque is intoxicating, though perhaps not so injurious as the drink, the vino mescal, which is also made from the leaves of the century-plant. Pulque trains are run daily on the railroads.

Botanists call this plant the agave or American aloe, in South America it is known as maguey, and in Mexico as mescal.

## Our Little folks



"Teach the Scriptures."—JOHN 5: 39.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—PSALM 119: 105.

### The Open Bible for Mexico

THE open Word for Mexico!  
Oh, Church of God, ring out the cry!  
The light, the life, the truth, the way,  
For darkened souls that fall and die!

Ten million souls! and papal hands  
Have closed the Book, shut out the light—  
The open Bible for that land  
For ages wrapped in awful night!

Our sister nation bound in chains!  
Men going down to endless woe!  
And shall the Church of God withhold  
The Word of God from Mexico?

—Mary G. Crocker.

ONE of our Southern Baptist workers, speaking of our next-door neighbors, the Mexicans, says: "You will see their great need when I tell you what happened there a few years ago. A gentleman went into the best bookstore of the large town of Saltillo to ask for a New Testament. The clerks searched in vain. Then they called the proprietor, who had no better success, and at last came forward inquiring of the customer who was the author of the book?"

Our missionaries have supplied all they could with Bibles, but there are still millions without any.

### Ho for the May-baskets!

ONLY a little time remains for us all to raise our mission money before vacation time will come, and then many of the little folks and the older ones, too, will be hurrying away to pleasant lakes; sandy shores, and green meadows in country places. For those who stay at home there will be the sowing of the flower and garden seeds, which may result in much gain to the treasury when account of sales is taken in the late autumn. We have often suggested plans of this kind, but have never known if they were tried.

We wonder how it would do to try a May-basket sale. Some of the children can make all they want to hang. They might make some extra ones for a sale. We saw this tried once, and a good many pennies were made. Ever so many who hadn't time to make the baskets, or didn't quite know how, bought them to make some one happy on the May Day. We know that some of them, filled with fruits and home-made candies (that were also on sale), and

a few leaves and blossoms, found their way to sick and aged people who were delighted at the pretty remembrance. Those who stay a great deal indoors, and at times suffer from weakness and pain, and those who have seen much trouble, often have many sad hours, though they may not always talk about it. It is a beautiful thing to have the sweet, happy thoughts of a little child come like sunshine into their lives.

At the sale of baskets, we would suggest a few recitations by the boys and girls, because nobody ever wears of the children's entertainments. Ice-cream and cake always sell well, especially when the little folks are raising money. How would this little recitation for one of the ones do to help out?

We got tired of letting big folks  
Do things in their prosy way:  
Wonder how you like our programme—  
Believe that is the word *they* say!

Course you don't 'spect we are perfect,—  
Guess you used to make mistakes,  
Mamma says when she makes speeches  
Ev'ry bone 'n her body shakes.

Old folks think we never notice  
What they sell at all their fairs,  
But we see the quilts and holders,  
Aprons, too, that Grandma wears.

We have just the sweetest baskets  
Made of paper soft and gay,  
Boys can hang them to their sweethearts  
In the pleasant month of May.

Pretty soon the heart'll be awful,  
But I'm sure 'twill help you through  
If you buy our lovely ice-cream—  
All the children say,— *please do!*

If any of the children have a May-basket sale will they tell the editor of this department all about it?

### Mission Workers

THERE are all sorts of missionary helpers. There have been missionary hens whose eggs have brought money into the treasury, and whose chickens have been sources of profit to our work. There are pet dogs who are taught to carry a little box to callers, in which they may drop a coin. There was once an English parrot that would shout to every visitor entering the house, "Walk in, sir; pop some money in the Bible box!" And when the visitor obeyed would applaud with a rousing "Hip, hip, hurrah!" In this way Polly in fourteen years raised nearly two hundred and fifty dollars. This story is true, and so is this: Miss Frances E. Willard, of blessed memory, had a beautiful white Angora cat, with long hair and a tail like a plume. His name is "Tootsie," and, though old, he is still living with Miss Willard's cousin, Miss Norton, of Chicago. Tootsie has earned two thousand dollars for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union from the sale of his photographs. —Picture Lesson Paper.

## Things to Remember

MEXICO is a republic lying south of the United States. It has twenty-seven States, two territories, and a federal district. It has a Constitution modelled after that of the United States. There are between ten and eleven million inhabitants. These are mostly Roman Catholics of the most superstitious and degraded class, and Indians in their native heathenism.

Mexico is eleven times larger than New England.

Mexico rises in terraces from the low and tropical coast country to the snow-capped tops of mountains like Popocatepetl, 17,782 feet above the sea.

The Baptists were first to preach the gospel in Mexico. The first preacher was the Rev. James Hickey, in 1862.

A church was organized in 1864. Other denominations soon commenced work.

The American Baptist Home Mission Society and our Woman's Society have a good number of teachers in Mexico. Most of them are natives, and have most musical Spanish names.

## The Hidden Blessing

BY HARRIET C. COOPER

JOSE AROYA'S bright face made a pretty picture, framed, as it was, in an old sombrero, far too large, and therefore set well on the back of the young head, allowing a mass of wavy hair to fall about as it pleased, almost shading eyes which were wonderfully soft and bright, and just then looking wistfully at the tortillas his mother and sister were preparing for market.

Jose had his breakfast before this, but had also a growing appetite, and would much rather have made ready to eat than to sell the favorite Mexican cakes, but the basket was at last full and Jose on his way, selling to any who would buy.

"Little boy, can you tell me the name of this street?" asked a lady who seemed to look in vain for an answer from any sign-board.

"The Heart of Jesus," promptly answered Jose.

"Ah, yes! thank you. And now I wonder if you could tell me where is one they call 'The Blood of Christ?'"

"I go that way — will show you." And the two walked on together, stopping now and again to sell one of the pepper-hot cakes. Meantime, the boy filled up odd moments by telling how they were made, what the small profits were, how his father was dead, and mother and sister worked so hard to get food to eat, something to wear, and more than all to give for prayers which were to raise the father out of purgatory into heaven.

When they reached the market-place the lady said: "I will rest here while you sell your cakes, then go back with you, if I may, and see the mother and sister."

"Oh, yes!" replied Jose, and he flashed in and out among the customers, who could hardly refuse to buy from the little fellow who offered his cakes with such a winning smile. In less than one hour his basket was empty,

and they were on their way home; through different streets, however, for Jose had an errand for his mother.

"'Crown of Thorns!' What a name for a street!" exclaimed the lady, glancing at a sign. Then she asked: "Jose, who is the Christ and Jesus for whom these streets are named?"

"I do not know that," answered the child, "but one is named 'The Mother of Sorrows,' and that is for the Blessed Virgin. We pray to her, and she prays to God for us! Oh, lady! did you ever see her?" And without waiting for an answer he went on: "Every year there is a great procession, all the priests, the bishops, and the archbishop, and they carry the blessed mother all through the streets so we may look at her. They say her robe is all jewels and cost a million of dollars! We go to the cathedral and hear beautiful music, and get the blessing. It is a busy time with us then. We work away into the night, for we must have a gift for the dear mother. Here is our home, lady."

They passed through the court and entered a room, welcomed with a pleasant bow from Jose's mother.

"I am an American — Mrs. Allen," said the lady. "Your boy has kindly shown me the way. I had been interested in his marketing, and asked to see you make the tortillas."

"Yes, we are busy now. Come in."

The room was neat, far more so than many Mexican homes, and Mrs. Allen enjoyed one of the hot cakes offered, though her mouth and throat were well burned with the peppery contents. She grew much interested as the woman talked, for, like Jose, she was quite willing to do that, and Mrs. Allen soon learned of her poverty, her privations, and her great desire to educate her daughter, whose father was an American.

"Would you allow her to come to a Protestant school?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"Oh, no! the priest would no more pray for the dear father," replied the woman.

"Then do your own praying, as God bids. Have you a Bible?"

"I have never seen one. It is too precious for common people."

"It is for all," replied Mrs. Allen, and turned to go; but when she spoke of having a number of Catholic girls in the school, the poor woman begged her to come again. "Perhaps Carlotta may go," she said.

Mrs. Allen did come again, and Carlotta did go, for Señora C.'s sweet daughter called for her, and the mother was well satisfied.

Four happy years the two girls studied together, the mother and Jose listening at night as Carlotta went over all she had learned during the day. In her simple way the girl taught Jose, and every evening they read together some Bible story, for Señora C., being a rich woman, had dared to purchase a Bible, and dared, also, to present one to her daughter's friend. It became their treasure, and now Carlotta says: "God led the American lady to us by little Jose's sweet face, and she brought with her a blessing which our priest would never have given." — *Kind Words.*